ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The mission for lepers in India has established a new center of their own in Neyoor, Travancore, South India.

The first Hebrew Bible published in America was issued in Philadelphia in 1814, by Thomas Dobson, at the Stone House.

The Jewish Ministers' Association of America held its thirteenth conference at Madison Avenue Temple, New York, June 15th.

Asia, the cradle of the human race, has 102 Young Men's Christian Associations, "Darkest Africa" has 13, and Oceanica, comprising the islands of the sea, has 16.

The progress of toleration in Spain was illustrated recently by the presence of reporters from the principal Madrid papers of all shades at the opening of the new depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The receipts of the American Board for May were $39,776 76. This is an increase over May, 1890, of $7,252 37. The nine months of this year show an advance of $75,861 32 on the nine months of last year.

The total property valuation of the Catholic Church in the United States in 1850 was $9,256,758; in 1860 it was $26,774,119; in 1870 it was $60,285,565. That is to say, the aggregate wealth of the Catholic Church increased about 18 per cent. from 1850 to 1860, and about 128 per cent. from 1860 to 1870.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

There has been little mission work accomplished in Patagonia, but the Roman Catholics have a mission center at Viedma, in the southern part of the country. They have twelve colleges with 5,000 students, and an industrial school with thirty apprentices of carpenters, blacksmiths, bootmakers, tinkers and tailors. They also have a dispensary and the only hospital in the territory.

The American University at Washington, D. C., in the interest of which Bishop John F. Hurst has been laboring, has been incorporated. The Board of Trustees is composed of representatives of the Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Baptist and Methodist Episcopal Churches. An appeal to the American people for $5,000,000 for the endowment of the university will shortly be made.

The Methodist missions in China number eighty-one—from our church thirty-four, Church South thirteen, Wesleyans twenty-two, all other Methodists twelve. They have united in the Chinese Methodist Union, and propose a common name for Chinese Methodism, a uniform course of study for native preachers, and one body of rules for native members.—Western Christian Advocate.

The Reformed Presbyterian Synod at Pittsburg last week had a special report on secret societies. The report dealt with the Mafia, and said it was gratifying that the Grand Jury at New Orleans had made the investigation and reported as it did. Secret societies were designated as the aids of Satan, and were otherwise severely condemned. The propriety of labor organizations was questioned, and it was asked that the next committee fully investigate them.—Christian Union.

The officers of the American Board are cheered by the contributions which are coming in. The gifts received in May, compared with May of 1890, show an increase of $10,073 89, or more than 40 per cent., and though the legacies fell off several thousand dollars, the total receipts for the month were more by $7,000 than for May last year. The donations for the nine months since September 1, 1890, were $357,272 23, as against $301,677 77 for the nine months of the preceding year, while the legacies for the same periods were $182,085 98 as against $151,819 13.—Boston Journal.

A native Christian branch of the Y. M. C. A. has been opened in connection with the Bombay association. Steps have been taken to furnish new rooms at once.

The name of the first Japanese General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association is Seijiro Niwa of Tokio.

General Secretary Fries of the Stockton Y. M. C. A. reports a membership of 637—315 of whom have joined during the past year. Mr. Fries spent some months in this country two years ago.

Hind Smith, one of the English traveling secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., is just completing a tour of the world. In a recent address at Springfield he said that he had visited forty centers, and had been upon fifteen boats during his travels, and that in each place and upon each boat he had found one or more members of a Young Men's Christian Association. He was instrumental in organizing two associations in Jerusalem, a German-speaking and an Arabic.

The Y. M. C. A. of the city of London observed its forty-seventh anniversary May 11th. Three meetings were held during the day, at which addresses were made by prominent men, among them the right honorable the Lord Mayor. Among other things he said: "If any society could claim a hearty welcome at the hands of the chief magistrate, it is surely the Young Men's Christian Association."

The orthodoxy of to-day may be the heterodoxy of to-morrow. There is no standard, measured by the creeds. We believe in free discussion. Truth is born in the cradle of liberty. It is destined to come up out of much tribulation. It knows the value of the baptism of fire. The Presbyterian, the Baptist and the Episcopalian Churches are just now trying cases of heterodoxical teachings in their ministers. The Methodists have always had the same thing to deal with. These men are being tried by the creeds of their respective churches as standards. It is not just. Creeds should not be repressive; they should stimulate thought and growth. The Westminster Confession is not a condition of membership, practically, whatever it may be theoretically. No member is asked to subscribe to the "Confession." The "liberty and ability" of the candidate is always respected. This is true among the membership, but the clergy are not free to express their honest convictions. The church must give her clergymen the liberty to think under the law of truth. The minister need not be contentious, but he must not be abridged. He is to do honest, constructive work, and he must not be opposed from the seats of conservation. We are not desirous of loosening the bonds, or of unstringing the strength of Christianity. In theology we are not dealing with facts as in mathematics. Mathematics is an exact science. In theology we must of necessity be largely speculative. The reason is, there is no standard. Christianity has been too largely masked in the mystery of words. The larger part of men would rather believe than reject Christianity.—Burlington Church News (Methodist).

Says the "Rambler," otherwise Dr. Wayland, in the *National Baptist*: "The other day, the 'Rambler' was accosted by a colored man bearing a testimonial in which it was said, in substance: 'The undersigned, knowing Mr. A B C to be a man of sterling integrity and of (here followed a long list of the Christian virtues raised to the zenith power), hereby recommend him to the new Mayor for any position in his gift,' or words to that effect. Then followed a list of names, enough to take away one's breath. But how did all the signatories 'know' that the recommendee had all these qualities? Do you ask what the 'Rambler' did in the premises? He begs you not to press the query; he asks you to consider that he is but dust; was he, by refusing, to say that all those eminent, those distinguished men of whom the city of Philadelphia is hardly worthy, had spoken falsely, and that they did not know what they said they did know?"

One of the commonest mistakes that men make is to split up their lives into two parts, secular and religious. Such things as buying, selling and getting gain they include in the former; and such as reading the Bible, saying their prayers and going to church in the latter. All this is essentially unchristian. According to the uniform teaching of the New Testament, our whole life from beginning to end belongs to God, and not merely some broken and scattered fragments of it. The duties of the home, the field, the shop, the counting-house are just as imperative as those of the sanctuary, and ought to be performed with as strong a sense of religious obligation. St. Paul brings out this truth and sets it in the forefront by means of two extreme and vivid statements. The first of the statements is: "And whatsoever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father through him." The second is still more specific and concrete: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Now eating and drinking are among the most commonplace acts of which we are capable. They belong almost exclusively to the lower and sensual side of our nature. They have reference not to intellectual or spiritual wants, but to bodily and fleshly appetites. If, therefore, even these acts may be redeemed by religious considerations from the level of coarse and swinish delights, and lifted up to the hights of religion service, is there any part of our lives that may not be subjected to a similar transformation? What about plowing, sowing, threshing, trading, teaching, talking, reading and writing? Of course St. Paul does not mean to insist that every time we eat a bite of food we should stop and say: "I eat this to the glory of God." The man who moves on that line will become either an empty formalist or else a canting hypocrite. What the apostle does mean is that we should be so supremely and unreservedly committed and consecrated to God by our own personal choice and election that all our thoughts, words, and works—even the least and most insignificant of them—should naturally, and, as it were, unconsciously conduce to his glory.—Nashville Christian Advocate (Methodist).

The Presbyterian General Assembly dealt with one question more important, in some respects, than the Briggs case or the revision of the creed. It conduct is, as Matthew Arnold was so fond of saying, three-fourths of life, any question that affects the daily conduct of every church member must be second to none in intrinsic importance. Such a question is presented by the phrase "worldly amusements," which formed the text of a discussion and deliverance by the assembly. Three courses are open to the church with regard to amusements: 1. It may forbid all amusements as injurious to the spiritual life, and punish disobedience by excommunication; or, 2. It may forbid some amusements and permit others; or, 3. It may leave the whole question to the individual conscience, throwing the weight of its influence against certain amusements that are believed to be of bad or doubtful character. Of these three possible courses, the first has practically no living advocates, though it has found great favor in the past. Only here and there a man agrees with the witty Englishman, who said that "life would be very tolerable if it were not for its amusements." Most of us, whatever diversity of tastes obtains, like to be amused in some way at some time. There is no proverb in which we have more faith than that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The great questions are, How? and When? and How much? The second course is that hitherto adopted by most churches, but it has been ineffective and even ridiculous. The drawing of the line between things to be allowed and things to be prohibited has been uncertain, and the distinctions made have been lacking in wisdom and consistency. Thus in many communities to knock balls about on the grass with a mallet (croquet) is allowable, while to punch them about on a table with a stick (billiards) is a deadly sin. To play with pieces of pasteboard marked in a certain way is estimated innocent by some who are loud in condemnation if only the markings are changed a little. In one community all dances are prohibited, in another "square dances" are thought harmless. In a certain city known to us no good church people will go to a theater, but they will attend plays and operas in a hall. It absurd to pretend that any real principal underlies distinctions like these, which vary with the accepted social and moral code of varying localities. The Presbyterians took the third of the possible courses open to them. A committee made a report strongly opposing such amusements as theater-going, card-playing and dancing, not as wrong in themselves, but as usually wrong in their accessories; but the assembly, while adopting so much of the report as expressing the church's attitude toward these amusements, struck out the clauses recommending the disciplining of those who indulge in these things. The churches have thus indicated their strong disapproval of these forms of amusements, and less than this they could not do without unfaithfulness to conviction. But they do not hold a threat of excommunication over those who take a different view of the matter. They recognize the fact that a considerable minority hold other views, and that the decision of questions of practical duty must be left in every case to the individual conscience. In this whole question of amusements the day has gone by for the settlement of conflicting views by the strong arm of authority. All matters not decided in Scripture, by precept or precedent, the liberty of each Christian believer to decide for himself is unimpeachable.—New York Examiner (Baptist).

At Cotta, in Saxony, those that have not paid their taxes last year are published in a list which hangs up in all restaurants and saloons of the city. Those that are on the list can get neither meat nor drink at these places by penalty of loss of license. The Cotta municipality can give us points.

The turning point in woman's life brings peculiar weaknesses and ailments. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription brings relief and cure. It is a powerful, invigorating, restorative tonic and nervine. It imparts strength to the whole system in general, and to the uterine organs and appendages in particular. "Run-down," debilitated and delicate women need it. It's a legitimate medicine — purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Nothing else does as much. You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more?

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. Equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

JIM, THE TRAMP.

He was a bad lot! Magistrates, jail chaplains, and police had all, at various times told him so, and he quietly accepted their judgment, knowing it to be pretty near the truth. An outcast from his very boyhood, what chance had he ever had? Left by an unfeeling mother to die in a roadside ditch, he had been taken to the nearest Union, to be brought up a workhouse foundling, until he was old enough to be bound 'prentice and the guardians could wash their hands of him entirely. A drunken saddler covenanted to clothe, board and teach his trade; and at his hands poor Jim had a dog's life, until, goaded by madness by every species of ill treatment, he struck his master and fled. For a while he tried hard to get work in the villages through which he passed, but no one would take on the strange, friendless lad, and so he made up his mind to enlist for a soldier.

If he had reached York an hour or two earlier, her majesty's army had gained a useful recruit, and poor Jim would have had a chance to rise and become a credit to the service. But ill luck would not let him go. He was routed out of an old stable by a zealous member of the city police, and charged next day with sleeping out at night, or some equally henious crime, the result being that he was committed to prison for seven days. This broke down his last shred of self-respect, and when that happens to man or boy, heaven help him, for his doom is sealed.

Jim came out of jail utterly reckless, with a wild hatred of everybody and everything. He thought no more of soldiering or getting work, but let himself drift resolutely to the bad. He soon got into vicious company, and before many weeks were over was again in the clutches of the law. The down-hill road is an easy one, and the pace always rapid, and so at 30 years of age he was pretty widely known to the authorities as a confirmed rogue and thief, who would not stick at trifles when once he was roused.

Yes, there was no doubting it, he was an out and out bad lot. And he looked it, too, as he slouched along the country lane with hands deep in his empty pockets and his head bent to meet the rain which November winds drove in his face. But he was too much used to discomfort to heed the weather, and plodded sullenly on through the puddles in the deepening gloom, half asleep, and so utterly careless of everything around that he never heard the beat of hoofs until a cheery voice cried: "Now, my good fellow, if you do not want the whole road to yourself, perhaps you will let me pass."

Jim never looked round, expecting the horseman to ride on without another word, but something quite unexpected happened, for the cheery voice said, "Thanks!"

It was the first time anyone had ever thanked the good-for-nothing, and he stared up in blank amazement, and saw a man of about his own age, in red coat and top boots plentifully bespattered with mud, looking down at him from the back of a weight-carrying hunter without the least gleam of aversion or suspicion on his pleasant, fresh-colored face.

"You look rather done up. Been long on the road?"

"A week an' more!" The reply was surely enough—not that Jim resented the question, but simply because he was so used to insults and rough speaking that the idea of a "blooming swell" speaking civilly to such as he took him utterly by surprise.

"Where is your home?"

Jim gave a contemptuous grunt.

"Never ha yan, guv'nor!"

"Poor chap! But you live somewhere, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," with a grim chuckle, "I live somewhere—anywhere. I'se not like some folks must have everything tip-top. No; that's not my style. You've a big house, in course, and lots of slaveys to wait on ye. I lives just where I can, and has to fend for mysen, and don't often get my meals reg'lar."

And the cruel contrast between himself and his companion filled the tramp's heart with bitter thoughts. Why have some folks all the good things of life and others none of them? Here was a man no older than himself with fine clothes on his back and a horse to carry him, while he, poor fellow, had to trudge along ankle deep in the mud with scarcely a whole thread to cover him. Why, the very horse was a long way better off and more cared for; it at least had a warm, dry stable and plenty of food waiting for it, while he had never a resting place nor a crust of bread to eat.

Again the cheery, kind tones startled him: "But you have friends somewhere, I suppose?"

"No, not me! There's never a single soul, guv'nor, in this wide world as cares a rap for me; and when I lies down some day and dies in a ditch, there'll noan be, man, woman or child, as'll bliss me. None'll be sorry, 'ceptin' the parish bums as'll have to put me underground, and they'll grudge doing of that even." Jim gave a short, ugly laugh and slouched on, the water squish, quish, quishing out of the gaping rents of his old boots at every step. He quite expected the "swell" to ride off now and leave him to the rapidly deepening gloom and the wild, cheerless night, but the horse was kept steadily alongside of him, and his rider spoke again.

"Can't you get into regular work and leave this tramp business?"

"No. There's none'll have the likes of me. I don't look respectful enough."

"Nonsense, man. Don't get down on your luck, but pick yourself up. Now, look here—I will give you a chance myself, if you will take it."

Jim could not believe his ears. Some one actually talking to him as if he was an honest man, and not some sort of vermin or venomous beast. A real "tip-top gentleman," too. He must be muddled. But the brown eyes were looking coolly enough at him, and their owner was saying, "Well, what do you say?"

"Yer don't know what I be. I'm a bad lot! I've been in quod oft enough," blurted out Jim, feeling somehow he could not take his new-found patron in.

"I dare say you have, and deserved it, too. But I believe you can pull round yet if you like; and, as I said, I will give you the chance of regular work and pay. Will you take it?"

In the depth of Jim's warped nature there glimmered something like a spark of gratitude and dim longing after a new life for a moment; but old habits were too strong for him, and the clouds closed darker again as he shook his head and said in tones which tried to be civil:

"No, guv'nor; yer mean well; but it's no go now. I'm no good for anything but cadging and tramping, an' I noan want to work for any master—an' won't either."

He expected an angry lecture and round abuse for refusing, but the other said quietly, stroking his boot with the handle of his hunting-crop:

"That is a dangerous way of thinking, my friend, and will get you into trouble again. You are a fool not to try and pull up a bit; but you know your own affairs best. Well, here is a supper and a bed for you, anyway. Look out."

He tossed a half crown to Jim with careless, easy good nature, and, shaking up his horse, trotted off with a nod and "good luck."

How costless a word or two of sympathy are, and yet how priceless they may become! How easy to be gracious, and yet how far-reaching the results. We scatter kindly greetings here and there as we journey on life's roadway, and lo! they spring up glad flowers to brighten some sad, weary wayfarer. We perform thoughtlessly now and again trivial services of courtesy and forget them; but they shine in lone, loveless hearts as glittering stars to cheer the midnight sky.

Hugh Boynton, smoking his high-priced Havana after dinner that evening in the luxurious ease of his favorite lounging chair, had utterly forgotten all about the few words and the silver coin which he had thrown to the tramp whom he had overtaken as he rode home from hounds. Jim, curled up under the lee of a clover rick, turned the half crown over and over in his hand, and thought of how, for once in his life, he had been spoken kindly to by a real gentleman.

Five dreary years passed over Jim's luckless head, their monotony broken by police court, prison cell and vagrant ward experiences. He has wandered up and down some dozen counties, and seen the inside of most of their jails, and now, as Christmas drew near, had drifted towards York; not that he had any particular reason for getting there, but because it lay in his way north, and he happened to be making in that direction; why, not even he himself knew, for north, south, east and west were alike to him. He had had a run of bad luck lately. Once or twice he found a casual welcome and slept under cover; but he had a rooted objection to its concomitants, and chose rather the cold and exposure of the open air. He had scarcely tasted food for a week, and had almost forgotten the feel of a copper coin; for somehow the near approach of the festival of peace and good will seemed to have shut up men's pockets, and sharp refusals and scornful silence were all he got from those of whom he asked help.

The afternoon was closing as he found himself in the long, straggling village of Marston, footsore and done up. The lights of the grocer's shop threw a broad band of brightness across the road, and Jim could see a man in a white apron busily piling up a pyramid of loaves which a boy had just brought in crisp and hot from the bakehouse. The sight was too much for the famished fellow, and he pushed his way into the shop. "Now, then, what is it?" cried the shopman, as he scanned Jim's tattered appearance.

"Will ye give me yan av them little uns, guv'nor? I'm nigh clemmed;" and he nodded towards the bread pile.

"No, certainly not. I never give to beggars or tramps."

"I've not tasted bite nor sup this blessed day, God knows."

"Can't help that! Come, get out of the shop, do you hear? or I'll set the constable onto you. The likes of you ought not to be allowed to go about the country. Come, off with you!"

So the social outcast went forth into the night hungry and insulted, and the sleek tradesman rubbed his hands and stacked his loaves, congratulating himself the while on his refusal to countenance a worthless vagabond, who, regarded from the lofty standpoint of political economy, had no right to live on the earth. And yet Mr. Jonathan Binner was wont to pose on political platforms as the heaven-sent champion of the masses. Then, indeed, his sympathy flowed out in such a mighty torrent towards the universal brotherhood of man that there was not so much as a drop left to give a crust or even a civil word to a starving tramp at his door.

Three times did Jim try his luck down the length of the village street, with no better success; and then he gave it up bitterly, left the houses of his fellow creatures behind him and faced the bleak, open country again. He dragged himself along for a few weary miles, then opening a gate crawled into a half-ruined cowshed and flung himself down upon some bracken and straw litter in the furthest corner and dozed off. When he woke up the moon had risen, and was shining in through the chinks in the roof, and Jim could see the country side was white with snow. He shivered and buried himself completely in the bracken and tried to sleep again and forget the cold and his hunger. He had almost succeeded, when the sound of voices came to him on the still night air, and a minute later three men entered the shed.

"Curse the cold!" growled one as he drew back just within the shadow.

"Curse him, you mean," said another, as he leaned a thick cudgel against the wall and began to blow upon his numbed fingers.

"I'll do more than curse him when th' time comes," answered the first speaker.

"Ay, he'd best not have taken us i' hand. Says he, when with the rest of t' beaks he sentenced Tim and Jeff: 'The poaching rascals shall be stopped if I have to do it single handed!'"

"Well, he'll be single handed to-night anyways, for he's no groom wi' him. So he can try what he's good for wi' three ov us; eh, Jack?"

"He'll find it a tough job, I'm thinking."

"Is t' wire right, Bob?"

"Surely! His mare steps high; but I've 'lowed for it, and she'll catch beautifully. It's past 12 now; he oughtn't to be long."

"Hist! mate; there's wheels. Now for't. Come on."

The three men went out quickly, and Jim, following to the door, saw them leap into the road and hide in the hedge on the opposite side; then he stole down to the gate, out of mere curiosity, to watch what their game was. In a few minutes the ring of hoofs grew louder, and a high-wheeled dog cart, spinning round a corner, came rapidly down the lane. It was occupied by one figure only, the red glow of whose cigar gleamed in the frosty air; and just as the scent of it reached Jim he saw the horse suddenly plunge and stagger forward. The wire-snare had done its work, the animal fell heavily, and the driver, thrown off his balance by the shock, shot out on the snow. Before he could rise the men were upon him, but somehow he managed to shake them clear and struggle to his feet. He faced them boldly and met their rush with a right and left-hander which sent one to the ground, but the other two closed in upon him.

Jim looked on with languid interest. Evidently it was some magistrate waylaid by three men who had a score to settle against him. It was no business of his, anyway, and though three to one was hardly fair, he was not going to interfere. The gentleman fought well, whoever he was, and again sent an assailant backward with a well-got in blow. But the odds were too heavy, and the cudgels told. He began to stagger and give ground, and a blow on the head beat him down.

"Give it him, lads, if we swing for't," cried the tallest of the three villains, jumping upon him, mad and blind with rage.

A ray of moonlight fell upon the upturned face of the fallen man. It was that of the gentleman who, five years ago, had talked with Jim in the lane! In an instant he was over the gate and at the men like a tiger-cat, and so sudden was his onset that they gave ground; then, seeing he was alone, they rushed at him with oaths and threats. Weak from want of food and half dead with cold, poor Jim had never a chance. For a few seconds he held up doggedly against the shower of blows; then feeling he was done for, stooped suddenly, flung his arms round the senseless squire, and, with one last effort, managed to roll into the deep ditch, keeping himself uppermost. The brutes jumped down and strove to make him loose his hold of their victim; but stunned and blinded with blood he clung fiercely to Hugh Boynton, sheltering his body with his own.

The world began to spin round—another and another heavy blow—a chiming of far-off bells—a hollow buzzing—and then—black night for ever!

Next morning they were found together in the trampled, blood-smeared ditch—one living, the other dead.

Hugh Boynton often wonders, as he looks at the white cross which he put up over a nameless grave, who his preserver was. But the recording angel will one day tell how Jim, the tramp, the "out and out bad lot," gave his life for the man who once spoke kindly to him.—Chambers' Journal.

The Astonished Monarch.

The inventor of the game of chess, on being promised by the King, whom he first taught the game, that he should have any reward he might ask for, meekly replied that he would be content if the King would give him one kernel of wheat on the first square, two on the second, four on the third, eight on the fourth, and so on, doubling up to the sixty-fourth square. The King gladly acceded to the seemingly modest request, and ordered his attendants to bring in the wheat, which they began to do; but, to the astonishment of the monarch, it was found that there was not wheat enough in the whole dominion to pay off the crafty inventor. It would require 9,627,268,786,934,775,168 kernels, equivalent to 30,027,097,184,485 bushels.

Professor Lazarus Rodney in London gives courses of six lectures on begging and the assurance that anyone can live easily on the benevolence of the public. He shows how to manufacture artificial scars and sores, and rents out material for the exercise of the profession, crutches, sickly children, and dogs for the blind.

WEAPONS OF SAVAGE TRIBES.

The Deadly Work of Primitive Arms—The Bolas and Boomerang.

Different wild tribes of the world have weapons peculiarly their own. These have a national distinction, and, for the most part, are not to be found beyond the limits of the tribe, though other savage nations may kill game and even people with weapons constructed on a plan somewhat similar.

The Malay has his kris, or curiously shaped dagger; the lasso belongs to the gaucho of the pampas; the Fijian carries the beautifully carved war club, and the Andaman claims the long bow as his favorite weapon.

Probably the most wonderful of all savage weapons is the boomerang of the Australian. It is the national weapon of the island, and, though curious ones are found among the uncivilized tribes of the globe, there is none exactly like it.

Some years ago an antiquary discovered on an Egyptian monument the figure of a bird-catcher in a canoe. The hunter is hurling at his prey a curved missile which bears a slight resemblance to the boomerang, but it is not likely that the Egyptians knew about or invented the strange weapon of the Australian savage.

The peculiarity of the boomerang is that, when thrown, it will return to the feet of the thrower. To bring about this result the savage strikes an attitude which is singularly graceful. He always carries several weapons in his left hand. When he wants to make a throw he draws one out at random, and fixes his eye on the object he desires to hit.

Then balancing the weapon for a moment in his dark hand he springs a pace or two forward and launches it in the air with an angy stroke. Away flies the boomerang like a thing of life, bounding hither and thither after its prey, and, whether it stalks it or not, comes sailing back to the feet of the thrower.

The boomerang rarely measures over two feet five inches along the curve. It is two feet from tip to tip, three inches wide in the middle and diminishes gradually toward the tips. It is composed of the wood of the native gum tree, which is heavy, hard and tough enough to sustain a powerful shock without breaking, for the boomerang sometimes encounters some hard substances.

In throwing the weapon is grasped at the handle, where there are usually a number of knife cuts, which give the native a firm hold, and the flat side is always kept downward. As the boomerang is thrown the hand is drawn sharply back, so as to give the weapon those rapid revolutions upon which so much depends.

Any one with a mechanic's eye can make a fairly good boomerang, and I have known boys to become adepts at throwing the weapon short distances, but the best result can be obtained only with the genuine Australian boomerang. When the savage hunter sees a kangaroo which is partly sheltered by the trunk of a tree, he does not despair of hitting the animal. He will steal forward to a certain spot and throw his curious weapon in such a manner that it actually circles round the tree and brings down the game.

Day after day the boomerang maker may be seen fashioning his weapon. It requires a good deal of fine work, for the curve must be perfect and the weight exact. Besides this, it must be of certain thickness, and he never makes but one or two cuts without balancing it on his hands and viewing it from all points. Some boomerangs are beautifully carved, and all are polished until they reflect the image of their owner.

The boomerang is generally thrown against the wind, for if thrown with it, it is not apt to come back to the thrower, but will sail on and on and reach a great distance before it stops. Boomerangs are powerful weapons and fly with great force. One traveler relates that he once saw a dog cut nearly in two by a boomerang as it fell, and that a brass spur was cut off the heel of a horseman by one of these curious weapons in its flight.

The very largest game of Australia is killed with the boomerang. Cormorants are brought down from the trees along the rivers, and a boomerang plays havoc in a flock of water fowl. Australian boys learn to use the national weapon early in life. They have little ones for their sports, and a favorite amusement among the native villages is hurling it at pigs and geese. As the boys grow older they exchange their toy boomerangs for ones of regulation size, and become experts with them in a short time. In short, there is no stranger weapon the world over than the boomerang of the Australian savage.

Next to the boomerang in point of singularity as a savage weapon is the Patagonian bolas. To look at it one would have to smile, as its appearance is against it, but its destructiveness is beyond question.

Described in a sentence, the bolas consists of two, sometimes three, balls at the end of hide thongs. The Patagonians call the two-ball bolas somai, and the three-ball weapon achico. The balls are made of stone and are about as large as cricket-balls. The stones are ground until they are rounded. This work is performed by the native women, who are experts at the trade, and who may be seen at work at all hours. Some bolas-balls are of iron, but those valued most are of copper. The latter are smaller than the stone balls, and are more to be desired, as they experience less resistance from the air.

The thong is about 9 feet in length and is made of two pieces of rawhide, which are dampened and then twisted together. There are generally three of these thongs, and at the end of each is a ball done up in a cover of guanaco hide, not unlike our baseballs. Usually one of the thongs is shorter than the others, so that when the three lines are grasped at their point of juncture one ball hangs less far down than its mates.

Such is the native weapon of the tall Patagonians. Now, how do they use it? Generally the hunter carries it twisted round his waist like the sash of an officer, the balls dangling at his side like the tassel of a sash. The Patagonian is usually mounted, like our Comanche Indian, and seeks his game from the saddle.

When he sees his game and gives his horse the rein he unwinds the bolas by a single motion of his left hand and grasps the thongs at the point of union. Away go the hunter and his game, sometimes the fleet ostrich, at other times the equally swift guanaco.

Not a movement of the game does the Patagonian miss. He bears down upon it like a whirlwind, the ever-ready bolas in his hand. When he comes within hurling distance, he whirls the novel weapon over his head till it has gathered enough centrifugal force to separate the balls, when he launches it at the animal. The balls whirling madly in their flight, reach and twist around the unfortunate victim and speedily bring it down. The choking powers of the bolas render it most dangerous of all weapons used by savage nations. The balls draw the thongs tighter all the time, and once struck there is no escape for the victim.

The skill of Patagonian bolas throwers is marvelous. The weapon is as unerring as the arrow and just as deadly. Experts can fasten a rider to his horse with the balls, or bring down both man and beast with a single weapon. The object is always to throw the bolas so that the thongs, not the balls, will strike the target aimed at; the flying balls do the rest—complete the victory as it were.

In no other country is the bolas used, and the Patagonian enjoys the distinction of possessing a weapon distinctly national in its character, and even more terrible than the boomerang.—*New York Telegram.*

Brief Historical Notes.

The first railroad in this country was built in 1827. It was a horse-road, and was built for hauling granite from the quarries at Quincy, Mass., to the Neponset River.

The first street-car line in the world for conveying passengers through the streets of a city was built on Fourth avenue, New York, and put in operation in 1831-2.

The second street-car line was opened for traffic on Sixth avenue in August, 1852.

The first street-car line in Europe was built in Birkenhead, Eng., by George Francis Train, in 1860. This enterprise was not received with favor, the tracks were torn up, as were also those of another line in the suburbs of London laid in 1862, and not until 1868 was a line in practical operation in the old country, and this was in the streets of Liverpool.

The first elevated road was a cable road, and was built and operated on Greenwich street, New York, by Charles T. Harvey, in 1868. This was the beginning of the present New York elevated system by steam, which was inaugurated in 1871.

The first street cable line was built by A. S. Hallidie, in San Francisco, Cal., and put in operation in August, 1873. Many years previous to this, however, cable traction had been successfully employed upon certain railways in coal mines.

The first practical demonstration of operating cars by electricity generated by a dynamo was made at the Berlin Exposition in 1879 by Dr. Werner Siemens.

The first electric road actually put in operation in this country was at Menlo Park, New Jersey, by Edison, in 1880.

The first electric road ever operated as a business enterprise was by Stephen D. Field at the Chicago Exposition in June, 1883.

The first electric road operated in the streets of a city for traffic was built by Bentley & Knight at Cleveland, O., on the lines of the East Cleveland Company, in July, 1884. This was operated by the underground conduit system.

The first overhead wire electric railway was built in Kansas City, Mo., in 1885, by John C. Henry.

ONE WOMAN'S QUESTIONS.

They Sufficed to Make Six Men Risk Their Soul's Salvation.

A woman wearing a mackintosh and carrying an umbrella stood at the ticket window at the Barclay-street ferry the other day, says the New York *Times*. Six men were behind her in line. A boat was due to leave in about two minutes.

"Do boats leave here for Hoboken?" she asked, and the man inside answered, "Yes."

"How long will it be before the next one leaves?"

"About a minute," was the reply.

"Does the boat go straight to Hoboken?" asked the woman.

"Yes," said the ticket-seller.

"How long could I wait in Hoboken before there was another boat back?" asked the woman, while the man behind her grew nervous rapidly.

"As long as you please," said the patient ticket-seller; "they are going and coming all the time."

"Could I get from Hoboken to Jersey City without coming back here?"

"Yes; street cars run regularly," was the answer.

"Would it be quicker to go by a car or come back and take a ferry to Jersey City?" she said.

"I don't know," was the answer. Then the ticket agent asked impatiently, "How many?"

"How many what?" said the woman.

"Tickets. How many tickets do you want?" The bell was ringing for the boat to move, and the men in line were swearing.

"I don't want any tickets," she said. 'My sister lives in Hoboken, and if I thought I had time to go and see her and call on my brother's folks in Jersey City I was going over to-morrow."

Blaine, Harrison and McKinley.

Blaine is 61, Harrison 58 and McKinley 47. Blaine served several years in the Legislature of his State, fourteen years in the National House of Representatives, four years in the Senate and about half a year in the post of Secretary of State in the Garfield-Arthur Administration. Harrison was in the Senate for six years. McKinley is not now in office, having failed of re-election in the congressional canvass last November. He served thirteen years in the House, having been unseated once by the Democrats about the middle of a term.

Life and Half Life.

Under the Dakota statutes a man who robs a stage can be sent to prison for life. If he attacks but fails to get any plunder, he can be sentenced half a lifetime. In a case where a Judge figured that fifteen years was half a life, the Supreme Court has upset the sentence, figuring that nineteen years, seven months and four days is the correct figure.

Miscellaneous.

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Her Boy.

Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula, which broke out all over his face. For a year he had suffered, and I had given up all hopes of his recovery, when at length I was induced to use S. S. S. After using a few bottles he was entirely cured. Not a symptom now remains of the disease. This was three years ago.

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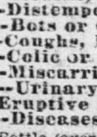

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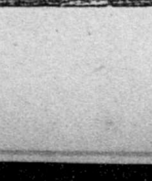

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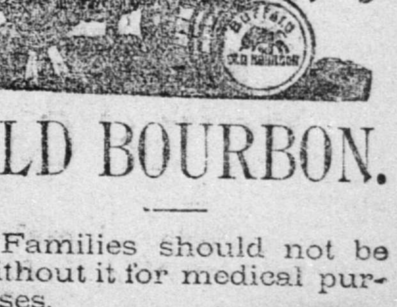

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